

became at once abominable and wretched; he fancied there was some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but to abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless: he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The califf instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions, on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a Princess fairer than an Houri.

"Gracious Alla! it is my son," cried the Califf. "O let me hold him to my heart."

"Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel: "I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on earth."

"And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted

permitted to continue? Why was I suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the secret, replied the angel, that dwells in the fifth heaven."

Bozaldab looked earnestly, and his countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of health and simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, was now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was agitated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withering in intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with rage and terror. The palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the interior of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched on the cold pavement, gagged and bound with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink; he afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Coloe, "is he whom death hath, by the angel of death, delivered from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, had he possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater woe than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab, "that the inscrutable schemes of Omnipotence